

# loomare/bulletin

18 april 2002

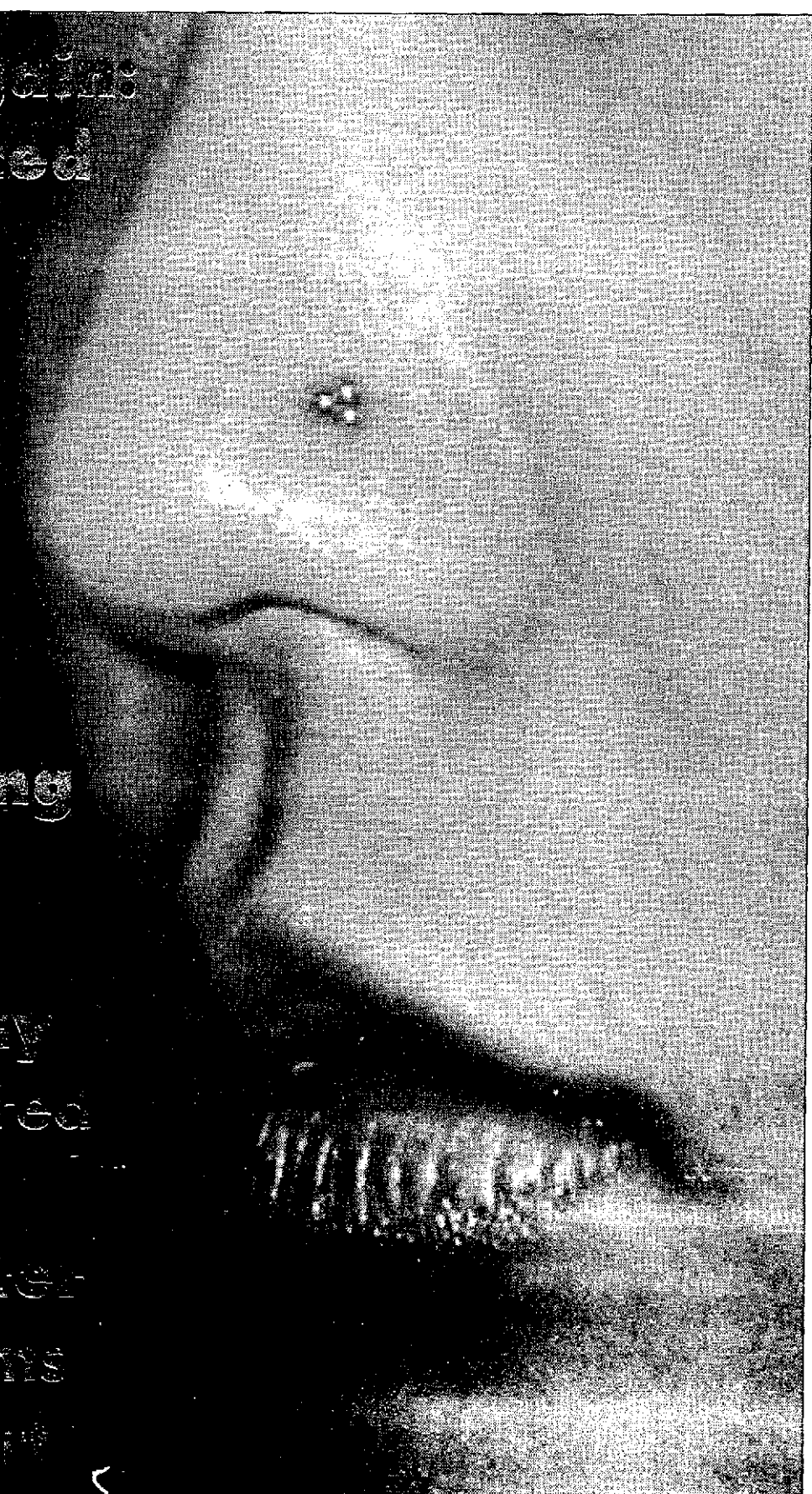
no pain, no gains  
getting pierced

richard  
hell: a  
punk idol  
revisited

bush calls for  
ban on cloning

winners of  
harvard essay  
contest honored

gerhard fischer  
exhibit redeems  
postmodern art



# letter from the editors

Spring is finally here- the sun is shining; birds are singing; and tube tops and booty shorts are in high season. All good things... well, at least most of the time. Some things are better left alone. You can guess which of the three I'm referring to.

Besides all that goodness, April also happens to be Asian Pacific American Awareness Month. Cultural showcases, movie screenings, special lectures, and of course, yummy dinners are some of the highlights of APAAM. And guess how many of these events has this Filipina American attended?

None.

Quite possibly, I may be the worst Pacific Islander ever. I don't eat lumpia or pancit on a regular basis (though I make a mean chicken adobo); I can't speak Tagalog fluently; and my group of friends is far from being all Asian. And -- gasp! -- I've never dated anyone whose last name didn't have Germanic roots. My lack of Filipino pride, so to speak, has caused alarm for my extended family; a superiority complex for other Pinoys who try to "out-Filipino" me; and disappointment from gross guys with Asian fetishes when they learn that I can't talk dirty to them in my "native tongue." And to these people, all I have to say is this.

Does being Asian American mean that I have to hold on to a lifestyle that isn't me, one that I was not raised in and didn't grow up around? What does it mean to be an Asian or Pacific American, anyway? Who decides the membership criteria? Last time I checked, it was by virtue of race or nationality, not by what clothing a person wore or what kind of music they listened to. What I've begun to notice, however, is a surprising shallowness regarding ethnic awareness and identification. While it is amazing to celebrate diverse heritages and cultures, boxing identity into a specific set of ideals is

not only demeaning, but demoralizing for those who feel love for their culture but may not outwardly appear to fit the mold.

I regret not going to the Filipino culture show, I really do. But I also regret not attending many of the post-September 11 memorials, any of the Take Back the Night planning meetings, or even my little sister's seventh birthday party. By not participating in those other events, however, would one automatically assume that I was anti-American, a masochist, or a horrible sister? I don't think so. In the same way, not being present at a campus cultural event does not dilute who I am, which is 100 per cent Filipina American.

Call me what you will -- "white-washed" (one of the worst terms I've ever heard), assimilated, or even complacent to the WASP hegemony. Those rhetorical statements do nothing to support the growing minority rights movement, and just sound plain ridiculous.

So there.

There is one campus event, however, that I would not miss for the world. You know what I'm talking about, and if you don't, wise up! Take Back the Night is this Thursday, April 18. Forget about the frat tormal that night (sorry boys!) and show your solidarity against sexual violence and for female empowerment. We as a college community owe it to ourselves, our mothers, sisters, friends, and all the faceless women; to protect past, present and future survivors, and to celebrate female strength and courage in a society that too often tries to victimize us. I hope to see you there.

Renata Bystritsky & Thea Tagle  
editors-in-chief

## contributors

The bulletin would like to thank staff writers and photographers for their dedication and hard work this semester, Meeting deadlines, getting interviews, taking pictures, all have paid off and we were able to print an incredible publication. Without the efforts of these people, the *bulletin* would not exist. Kudos to those who do more than their share.

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ilana garon, courtney e. martin, shoshana greenberg, adrienne serbaroli

### staff photographers:

jaimie berk, hanna tulis, tao fei

Congratulations to the newly nominated staff writers.

Welcome aboard!

jody mullen, lisa poggiali, laura riley, sharon rose, marie yereniuk

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The barnard bulletin is published weekly by the Bulletin Board staff at Barnard College in New York City. Subscription inquiries should be directed to Miranda Segura, and advertisement inquiries should be directed to Jessica Conn at (212) 854-2119. Information requests and address changes may be sent to [barnard\\_bulletin@barnard.edu](mailto:barnard_bulletin@barnard.edu), 128th W. 128th St., 3009 Broadway, NY, NY 10027. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. Letters to the Editor should be no longer than 500 words, and can be e-mailed to [bulletin@barnard.edu](mailto:bulletin@barnard.edu). Please include author's name and affiliation with the College.

# Dr. Linda H. Doerrler Honored at Emily Gregory Award Dinner

by Lillian Seu

"My biggest fear is to have to teach students from planet Velcro how to tie their shoelaces," said Dr. Linda H. Doerrler in her speech given at the 28th Annual Emily Gregory Dinner, held on April 10 in Sulzberger Parlor. "But as a teacher, you have to go through the process with the students, over and under and through the loop." A room full of family, colleagues, and students all beamed back at her, indicating how well deserved they thought this prestigious award was.

The Emily Gregory Award Dinner honored Professor Doerrler's excellence as a professor. For the past twenty-eight years, the Student, Faculty, Alumnae Interaction Committee of McIntosh Activities Council (McAC) has sponsored this award ceremony. The Emily Gregory Award is the only student-nominated award bestowed by Barnard College.

In the spring semester, students are asked to submit essays nominating a professor they feel has influenced them most. A committee then reviews the essays, and selects one essay that most distinctly conveys a professor's achievements both in and out of the classroom. This year, the winning essay was written by junior chemistry major Abigail Smenton.

Professor Doerrler's achievements have been numerous. After graduating magna cum laude from Cornell University in 1991 with a Bachelors of Science in chemistry, she went on to pursue her doctoral degree at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, graduating there in 1996. After being awarded a National Science Foundation Post-Doctoral Fellowship, she went on to study at the University of Oxford. During her studies at Oxford, Doerrler received a Junior Research Fellowship at St.

John's College, where she tutored undergraduates for two years. In 1999, she became a faculty member at Barnard College as an assistant professor of chemistry.

Professor Doerrler currently teaches two sections of the Quantitative Instrumental Techniques laboratory. In the fall semester, she teaches the Inorganic Chemistry lecture series, along with the General Chemistry laboratory recitation sections.

"I confront my students with new ideas and concepts that are difficult to understand. I encourage them to push the bounds of what they think is possible in the natural world, and what is possible for them. I require them to face uncertainty and be educated in the process," said Professor Doerrler in an explanation of her teaching method—one that has been enormously successful with the many students whom have had the pleasure of having her as a teacher.

"She's so patient and always has time for you. I think it's great that she won. I can't think of anyone else who deserves it more," said senior Christine Musich.

"I used to go to Dr. Doerrler for help in my General Chemistry lectures. She's very easy to approach. Science itself can be very intimidating, but she

makes it less so," said sophomore Sonal Patel, who will be working in the laboratory with Professor Doerrler during this summer.

Marisa Buzzeo, who has worked with Professor Doerrler in the lab for almost two years stated, "I certainly would not be where I am today if it weren't for all her wisdom, patience and guidance. I encourage students to get to know Dr. Doerrler. She is a powerful resource, a superb teacher, and an exceptional mentor." Once, after performing poorly on one of her exams,

Buzzeo was given this advice by Professor Doerrler: "Success after failure is much more sweet than without the failure. You will gain strength from this that many people will never have, and what you have experienced and understood you can teach, so I am certain the growth won't end with you."

In Abigail Smenton's winning essay, she wrote, "It is clear by her patience and seemingly endless time for her students that Dr. Doerrler wants little more than to be the best mentor possible. If she hasn't reached this goal yet, I can't imagine how much closer she could get."

When asked about the types of changes that she



Dr. Linda H. Doerrler was honored at the April 10 dinner.

# Indian Prime Minister Calls for End to Religious Violence

by Marie Yereniuk

Violent Hindu-Muslim clashes have rocked India's western province of Gujarat since late February, when a train (mostly filled with Hindu activists) was allegedly firebombed by Muslims, killing fifty-eight on board. Mob riots and secular violence occurred as a direct result of the train wreck.

Since the confrontation began 27 February, Hindus have retaliated, and the violence on both sides has resulted in 825 casualties to date. By mid-March, security forces had gained control over much of the situation. Paramilitary forces are now on duty in the vicinity, and tens of thousands of police have been deployed across the country. Almost 20,000 arrests have been made.

The Hindu campaigners in the train were heading to a disputed site in the sacred town of Ayodhya, in the northern state of Uttar Pradesh, where they hoped to build a temple on the ruins of a sixteenth century mosque. The campaign to build the temple, to honor the birthplace of Hindu deity Lord Rama, began in 1984 under the leadership of former BJP leader L. K. Advani, now home minister. The Babri Mosque, which formerly stood on the contested site, was demolished in 1992, resulting in religious riots nationwide with 3,000 reported casualties.

The current situation is the worst communal violence since the mosque was destroyed ten years ago.

This past month, Prime Minister Atal Behari Vajpayee visited Gujarat, pleading for an end to the carnage between India's two major religious groups.

"People were burned to death just yesterday," Vajpayee said on 4 April. "I can't imagine such a thing. In our country, the funeral pyre is used after death. But a person being burned alive is beyond my imagination. Have we forgotten our human qualities? Are we human

beings? Have we become shameless?" He demanded "an end to the heart-break—now."

While in Ahmedabad, Gujarat's largest city with 3.5 million people and the location of much of the violence, Vajpayee repeated his call to end the cycle of destruction. "Madness cannot

## The current situation is the worst communal violence since the mosque was destroyed ten years ago

be answered with madness," he said.

Vajpayee's government has come under heavy criticism from the National Human Rights Commission (NHRC), who says it has not done enough to stop the violence. The commission's report, released earlier this month, criticized public servants "who have failed to act appropriately to control the violence in its incipient stages or to prevent its escalation."

Narendra Modi, the chief minister of the state of Gujarat, has been accused of doing nothing to stop the chiefly anti-Muslim rampages, attacks that the New York Times has criticized as having "the character of a carefully plotted pogrom." The Prime Minister has not directly criticized Modi, but said in a news conference that "[Modi] should follow the Raj Dharam." The Raj Dharam translates as the ethics of governance.

Both Modi and Vajpayee are members of the Hindu nationalist party

Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP), the leading party in India's coalition government. Gujarat has been accused of siding with Hindu mobs and delaying police and army involvement. Twenty-two Muslim groups have gone to New Delhi to protest the lack of protection for minority Muslims.

India's population of one billion citizens is composed of 82 percent Hindus; 12 percent Muslims; with Sikhs, Buddhists and Christians comprising most of the remaining number.

Sentiment on the university campus about the violence is strong. "It seems like a vicious cycle of revenge," said Barnard sophomore Maliha Mustafa. Mustafa points out that the basis for the conflict is "not religious but political," and that "religion is being used to divide groups of people." Furthermore, she said that "the Vishwa Parishad seems to be operating under the pretense of a false past that never existed," referring to whether or not Lord Rama was actually born at the disputed site.

Sridhar Prasad, a Columbia College junior and co-coordinator for the Hindu Students Organization, emphasized that "both sides have historical evidence to support the belief that the other side is acting in bad faith." "When you mix religion and politics, he said, "there are inevitably longstanding grudges that get in the way of peaceful living. But they can find ways to coexist."

The media's coverage of the issue has also been criticized by university students.

Barnard sophomore Rosangely DeJesus stated that "the media has not given enough attention to issues, not deep into it or its causes. Similar things are happening in different parts of the world, but some get the attention of the media and others don't."

Marie Yereniuk is a Barnard sophomore

# Bush says Ban Cloning: Hopes others will follow

by Karin Isaacson

President Bush made his second major address in an eight month span on scientific ethics Wednesday, Apr. 10. This speech, regarded as his strongest denouncement of experiments of human cloning to date, was meant to persuade Senate to ban such research.

According to The New York Times, the president warned that "advances in biomedical technology must never come at the expense of human conscience . . . as we seek to improve human life, we must always preserve human dignity. And therefore, we must prevent human cloning by stopping it before it starts."

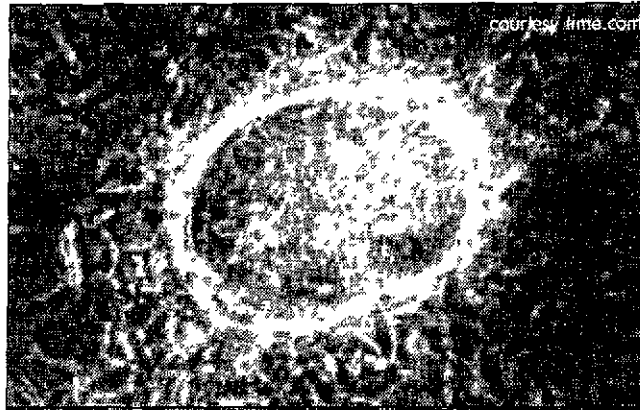
Throughout his address, Bush invoked language that smacked of anti-cloning sentiments, saying that research on human cloning would lead to embryo farms; and foretold of a society where human beings are grown for spare body parts and children are custom-engineered to the desires of their parents.

The audience gathered in the White House— a conglomeration of nearly 200 governmental officials, religious leaders, bioethicists, scientists, and medical patients— interrupted the 15-minute address with applause ten times, reported the New York Times.

Not everyone was as charmed by his statement as his audience was that day. Many members of the scientific community advocate cloning, citing its promise in treating a host of as-yet-irrevocable medical diagnoses, such as Parkinson's disease, spinal cord injuries, and juvenile diabetes. Proponents of cloning believe that cloned embryos would generate stem cells with a perfect DNA match to

cure patients suffering from these disorders.

According to The New York Times, 40 Nobel prize-winners released a letter stating their belief that anti-cloning legislation would have a so-called "chilling" effect on all scientific research in the United States.



The issue of cloning is currently before the Senate. The House has already passed a bill that enforces a widespread ban on human cloning for reproduction or research, as well as the type of therapy advocated by the medical community.

Senator Sam Brownback (R-Kansas) was joined by more than twenty-four other Republicans and one Democrat, Louisiana's Mary L. Landrieu, to introduce a bill identical to that of the House. The Senate as a whole is split on the proposal, with members lining up 40-40 with 20 undecided senators. The vote is expected to take place before the Capitol Hill breaks for Memorial Day. Bush has expressed that he has no reservations about signing the bill into law if it gets through the Senate.

The battle, however, is far from over

In a statement issued Thursday, Apr. 11, Senate majority leader Tom Daschle (D-South Dakota) continued to vocalize his support for therapeutic cloning. "Do we impede progress in some of the most debilitating diseases known to man, or do we allow research to go forward as long as we ban human cloning?" he challenged.

Bush's latest statement is contradictory to the viewpoint he has expressed previously. In August 2001, Bush announced the government's intent to finance research on stem cells derived from human embryos that had already been established in laboratories. He was careful to limit the studies, however, to only those embryos that had been created up until that time.

According to The New York Times, the president's advisers reject the idea that Bush is speaking out simply to assuage American conservatives angered by this previous compromise concerning bioethics. They say instead that Bush is troubled by this scientific notion. Cloning for research involves the creation and destruction of human embryos for research purposes. Embryonic stem cell experimentation, on the other hand, can be performed on embryos left over from fertility treatments. This is the sort of research that was previously allowed by Bush.

"He thought stem cells was a very difficult call, morally," said one outside adviser to the White House in The New York Times. "And I think he was genuinely agonized about that. I think [Bush] thinks if he can't draw this line, no one is ever going to draw any lines."

*Karin Isaacson is a Barnard first year and the bulletin features editor*

**got a comment? we want to hear it.**

**email the *bulletin* at [bulletin@barnard.edu](mailto:bulletin@barnard.edu)**

# bea**essentials**

**SNAP** On April 21, Barnard will introduce a new program titled **SNAP**: See New Abroad Photos a photo contest and exhibit for students who studied abroad during the academic year. Please join us in Altschul Atrium for the exhibit's opening reception Monday, April 22, at 5.30 pm. The exhibit will be in place until Thursday, April 25. For more information, please contact Dean Alperstein.

**ADVISOR PROGRAMS FOR FALL 2002:** Please read the advisor manual and the information on Barnard limited enrollment courses. Programs must be entered online, and approved by your advisor online by 4:30 pm on April 30. Please check with your advisor early on to find out when s/he will be available to meet with you.

**ALL STUDENTS GOING ON STUDY LEAVE:** Please fill out the study leave and waiver forms available at the Dean of Studies Office by Tuesday, April 30, or as soon as you are admitted to the program you will attend. Please submit this form in lieu of filing a program.

Pre-approved course form is due on last day of classes, Monday, May 6.

Please plan to attend the Study Abroad Pre-Departure meeting on Wednesday, May 8, 2002, from 5-6:30 pm in Altschul Atrium. We will also be joined by the Admissions Office to discuss

opportunities for speaking with prospective Barnard students who are abroad and by students who have returned from study leave who will share tips for going abroad.

**FINANCIAL AID:** Applications for the year 2002-2003 are now available in the Office of Financial Aid, Room 14 Milbank. All materials must be submitted by the Friday, April 19, 2002 deadline.

**REMAINING PROGRAM PLANNING MEETINGS FOR MAJORS AND PROSPECTIVE MAJORS:** These meetings are very informative, and we urge prospective majors, as well as minors, to attend.

**ASIAN AND MIDDLE EASTERN CULTURES:** Students interested in China & Korea, consult Professor Ann Borrell at x4-2125 or e-mail [aborrell@barnard.edu](mailto:aborrell@barnard.edu). Students interested in South Asia and the Middle East, consult Professor Rachel McDermott at x4-3416 or e-mail [rmdermott@barnard.edu](mailto:rmdermott@barnard.edu). Students interested in Japan, consult Professor Max Moerman at

x4-5540 or e-mail [dmoerman@barnard.edu](mailto:dmoerman@barnard.edu)

**DANCE:** Monday, April 22, 12 pm, Gallery, Barnard Annex

**ITALIAN:** Thursday, April 18 4 pm, 316 Milbank Hall

**PHYSICS & ASTRONOMY:** Wednesday, April 17, 4-5:30 pm, 302 Altschul Hall

## MY NAME IS BRIAN

**M**y mommy and daddy have been trying really hard to give me a brother or sister.

Now, we are hoping that someone else will grow a baby for us that we can take home.

Is there anyone out there who is growing a baby and wants to give the baby to us?

We will give the baby a really good home.

I will share my toys, give lots of hugs and kisses and read to the baby every night.

I want to be a big brother more than anything else in the whole world . . .

Please email us: [eileen&larry2@aol.com](mailto:eileen&larry2@aol.com)

Interested  
in joining  
the Bulletin  
next year?

come to our  
next meeting!

Monday  
April 22  
8:00pm

# digital divas: spicing up your website

A bi-weekly column by RCAs—write to [resnet@barnard.edu](mailto:resnet@barnard.edu) with computer-related questions.

If you have had some previous exposure to programming and would like to display more dynamic content on your websites, it would be a good idea to use Java Servlets. Servlets are Java's way to provide web-based services. Since the Worldwide Web works as a client-server system, you can think of the web browsers as a sort of client. URLs displayed with the help of the web browsers request information from servers on behalf of these clients, and servers display that information in a useful way. The servers are programs that keep running forever and waiting for the requests from end-clients, and when they get a request for a specific information, they just send that information back to the client. More specifically, the way it works is detailed in these steps:

1. A user types URL in the web browser: <http://www.barnard.edu/at/resnet.html>.
2. The web browser issues a request to the server as identified by [www.barnard.edu](http://www.barnard.edu).
3. Server programme running on [www.barnard.edu](http://www.barnard.edu) looks under the directory at for the file `resnet.html`.
4. The clients browser will take back the data from this file and display it.

However, this is very boring way to show data, espe-

cially if you are interested in making your little corner of cyberspace more dynamic and interactive—if you want to have a search engine searching a specific database, for instance, and you want to keep updating the page. The you can simply use a servlet program, and you could follow these guidelines:

1. The user would type something like <http://www.barnard.edu/servlets/SomeServlet>.
2. The server programme running on [www.barnard.edu](http://www.barnard.edu) would find and run `SomeServlet.class`, which gets the client request information and does whatever is programmed in as a response. The response is encoded as HTML data.
3. The client's web browser takes back the HTML data and displays it on the screen.

To use Servlets, you need a Servlet Engine on the server machine to listen for client requests and deliver it to appropriate servers to handle. Its just like a web server that also handles Servlets. Some Servlet Engines to check out are Tomcat, Resin, and JRun.

For some good Servlet tutorial links, check out the following sites:

- <http://java.sun.com/docs/books/tutorial/servlets/>
- <http://www.apl.jhu.edu/~hall/java/Servlet-Tutorial/>

## well woman: how do I spot an eating disorder?

**Q** I am concerned about someone on my floor who frequently vomits after eating meals. I don't know this person well, and I don't know what to do about this situation. Should I talk to her myself? Can you give me some advice on how to help someone with an eating disorder, or should I just mind my own business?

**A** Your question is a very complicated one that needs some discussion. It is possible that the vomiting is caused by a medical condition. Staff in helping positions, given more information, can better determine how to approach a solution. Neverthe-

less, the student you described may be in serious trouble.

If you are concerned about someone on your floor, don't keep your suspicions to yourself. You can't solve her problems, but you can help. Take advantage of the many support systems Barnard College has available to you. Residential Life staff are well trained and always concerned about this issue. You can confidentially speak with someone in Student Health Services or Counseling Services. The doors of the Well Woman are also open for confidential discussion, and we can help you think through your options.

If you do decide to speak with this

student, tell her in a calm and caring way what you saw and heard. Use "I" statements, and let her know that you are concerned. It is very common for people with problems to say that there is nothing wrong. They might beg you not to tell. Or they may promise they won't do it anymore. They may even get angry because of fear, shame, or other strong emotions. Tell her that you want to help and don't want to keep your concern a secret. Her health may be in danger. Knowing what this young woman is doing may be stressful for you too. You can also talk to someone, such as a counselor, about your experience with trying to help.

"Well-Woman" is a weekly feature in the *bulletin*. The responses, written by the Well-Women Peer Educators, answer questions from members of the Barnard community. Questions may be submitted to the Well-Woman Office, 109 Hewitt. The information provided is for informational purposes only. Please take issues or medical concerns to your healthcare provider.



by Shoshana Greenberg

This week's featured professor is Rosalind Rosenberg of the history department.

Sometimes spotted at Columbia

anti-war activist



Gender classes must list Sen. Bernard Hall

# The Profiles

**Barnard Bulletin:** What classes do you teach?

**Rosalind Rosenberg:** I teach American Women in the Twentieth Century, the second half of the American Survey Course — American Civilization Since the Civil War, a seminar on the Fourteenth Amendment and its uses, a graduate research seminar, and different first year seminars and courses in women's studies.

**BB:** What was your education?

**RR:** I grew up in Arizona and went to Stanford for college and graduate study. In 1974 I came to Columbia and taught there until 1982. Then I taught at Wesleyan for two years, and after that I came to Barnard.

**BB:** Why did you decide to become a teacher?

**RR:** I was going to be a doctor, so I was pre-med. When I came to college in 1964, I became so caught up in the civil rights and anti-war movements that I found myself in so many history classes trying to understand it. I decided that this was the work that was more meaningful to me. My father was also a professor so I had been exposed to this kind of work. He wanted me to become a doctor, but I found I really enjoyed the academic life more. I always encourage students to distinguish between what they want to do and what they think they ought to do to please the people they love since that was the big issue for me in college.

**BB:** What is your favorite book?

**RR:** Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture* which is a work of anthropology. I read it before I came to college, and it dealt in part with the native American people of the Southwest where I was growing up. It was by a woman who took so seriously people of different cultures and it really shaped my intellectual life. I have been thinking about it recently in writing my own book on women at

Barnard and Columbia. Ruth Benedict was an instructor here who was beginning to train younger women such as Margaret Meade.

**BB:** Do you have a favorite television show or movie?

**RR:** I don't watch television. I never got into a regular habit except when my first son was born. I watched a soap opera—I think it was *General Hospital*, because I was home all day. I really gained an appreciation of soaps and how important they can be if you are so dependent on another human being like that. My favorite movie would have to be *Casablanca*.

**BB:** What is your favorite period of history?

**RR:** I love teaching the twentieth century. Now at least it's a century ago. The sources for it are wonderful, and there's such an immediacy to it. [The historians who love the twentieth century] tend to be people who might easily have become journalists but value the reflection that's possible when you don't have the daily deadline. I am much more comfortable reading dead people's mail than calling people I don't know. I admire [journalists] for having the courage to call people and doing the best they can with a short period of time.

**BB:** Do you have any favorite moments in teaching?

**RR:** I got a new advisee, a transfer student, who came into my office very unsure of herself. She ended every sentence with an upward question mark inflection. She was an extremely talented student but not confident of this. It was wonderful to see her develop

into a confident young scholar. She went on to graduate and became a historian, and I thought, this is Barnard at its best. One time I made a reference to Sputnik and someone in the class asked what Sputnik was. I realized that I was taking for granted that everyone did not have the same experiences growing up as I had. Now I sit down before every academic year and calculate the year in which the first-year class was born in order to see how history must look to them. All writers and speakers have to be conscious of their audience. Audiences get younger every year, so one needs to try to figure out what's important [the audience].

**BB:** What is your next project?

**RR:** I'm writing a book called *Changing the Subject* on the history of women at Columbia. No one ever did a history of Barnard at its centennial. The centennial came when the college was getting through a difficult period of years when Columbia admitted women. One couldn't stand back and get perspective. Now it is possible to write about it in a candid way. Another project that I set aside is a biography on Polly Murray, an African-American civil rights leader and feminist. She was very important in bridging those two movements in the 1960s. Barnard students pushed me to think hard about what it means to have women at the center of the educational enterprise. It has been a very satisfying teaching experience overall.

Shoshana Greenberg is a Barnard sophomore

Rosalind Rosenberg: History

# A New Generation of A Admirable Women.

by Renata Bystritsky

Among potential English majors, Barnard is usually high on the list of possible colleges. It is well-known for its English department and for its encouragement of creative writing. Many successful (and famous) women writers are Barnard alumnae – Zora Neale Hurston, Erica Jong and Anna Quindlen are just a few examples. And, each year, Barnard reaches out to the younger female writers in New York City, through the Barnard College /CBS Essay Contest for female juniors who attend New York City public schools.

The essay topic each year is "A Woman I Admire". The essays tend to focus on mothers, grandmothers and teachers; seldom do the writers choose to "admire" a celebrity in their essays. This year, Barnard received 716 essays from 81 high schools – a record number of entries. From these, 22 merit winners were chosen, as well as four cash-prize winners; the winning essayist receives \$1,000 and the runners-up \$500, \$300, and \$200 respectively.

The contest began in 1991, as the brainchild of R. Christine Royer, who had then been the vice-president of Public Affairs and is currently the director of the annual contest. "It was an idea," Royer says, "that here we were located in New York City, and making great use of the city as a college. We talked about what we might do to make our presence felt . . . and to do something worthwhile. And the idea – because Barnard has produced so many writers – was that a writing contest might be it. I talked to some people from the Board of Education, and they were enthusiastic about it . . . And it just grew and grew and expanded."

That first year, only 152 applications were received from 33 schools. "That is just incredible growth," Royer says. "It's such a wonderful experience for everyone involved in it. Last year, for the tenth anniversary of the contest, we had the very first first-prize winner, [Shanda Prince] who had followed a career in writing, come and speak at the award ceremony . . . One of the happy things is that sometimes being in this contest sets a direction. [It's] just glorious to hear happy stories from some past winners who say that their confidence was built by winning and they moved in this direction."

Cyndie Pogue at the Public Affairs office is also closely involved with the contest. Having been part of the program since 1995, "I read every one of those essays," she says. "There is a lot of hard work involved . . . [but] this is just something that interested me and I became progressively more involved

*She didn't have any friends; we made sure of that. According to the corrupt politics of the fifth grade, it made sense to keep her down. We had rules. We had a class system. . . . Her name was Olga. From the very first day, we knew something was different about her. Naturally, we took it as a challenge to our authority . . . That day, Olga and I talked a lot. I learned about pride and maturity. Olga taught me. I admired her, and still do, as a girl who grew into a Woman before any of the rest of us, as someone who already knew right from wrong, what mattered and what didn't, and that a certain lunch table wouldn't make you a better person.*

- Erica Lee, First Prize Winner  
Bronx High School of Science

to the point that I am now coordinator of the program."

Royer and Pogue serve as preliminary judges for the contest. They read all the essays and select about sixty to pass on to the panel of judges, who then choose the merit and cash-prize winners. The panel of judges is usually four or five people comprised of Barnard English faculty members and Barnard alumnae who work in or near the field of writing. This year, the judges were: Joy Press, Lead Book Critic for The Village Voice; Rosemarie Robotham, Editor-at-Large of Essence magazine; Cyndi Stivers '78; Nancy Kline Piore, Director of the Writing Center at Barnard; and Barnard English Professors Elizabeth Dalton and Quandra Prettyman. Funding for the contest was underwritten by the CBS Foundation.

The ceremony took place at Barnard on April 9, attended by the awardees, their families, teachers, and principals. President Judith Shapiro presented the awards and posed with the winners for portraits.

After the contest, all of the winners are invited back to the

# Barnard Essay Contest receives record number of entries

Barnard campus the following fall for a workshop with the Writing Center. As well, jurors may offer special day programs – in past years, for example, Alexis Gelber of Newsweek was one of the judges, and had invited the girls to visit the Newsweek offices and speak to reporters.

Taking the road less-traveled, first-prize winner Erica Lee wrote about her fifth-grade experience with Olga, an immigrant classmate. In her essay, Lee tells the story of being a member of the "cool" group who had made fun of Olga; by the end of the essay, Lee has been placed on the receiving end of her friends' cruelty and has learned valuable lessons from Olga. An unusual choice for an essay topic, Lee's essay is about admiration for a peer rather than for an older female family member.

Second-prize winner Inna Feldman wrote about her Russian grandmother, and about the strength she showed as she nursed an invalid husband. Feldman's piece is a touching and bittersweet one. Vivid details, touches of the foreign language and anecdotes enliven her story and bring a smile to the face of the reader.

Third-place winner, Angela K. Hom wrote a classically lovely story about her mother's jade bracelet, worn to protect against evil according to the Chinese superstitions. A beautiful and imaginative description of the bracelet ties in with a similarly beautiful and obviously loving description of Hom's mother. Hom, who is an editor at her high school newspaper and is now considering applying to Barnard in the fall, did not anticipate winning. "It was just like, WOW – how did that happen? I honestly didn't think I would win. It was a huge surprise," she says. Entrance to the contest was a mandatory

assignment for junior girls at Hom's high school. She says that she had "sat at her computer for a while and the idea just came to [her]." As preparation for writing the essay, she says she had "just looked at my mother's bracelet."

Fourth-place winner, Jiaxin Linda Zeng, wrote about her

*The jade bracelet dangles from my mother's wrist. It is warm and smooth, like the marble kitchen countertop after my mother removes a plate of steamed vegetables sitting on it. Its color resembles the patchwork of summer green fields – light and misty in some areas, dark and secretive in others. Its shape is an unbroken ring of strength, giving my mother reassurance that it will always be there, just as her family will always be by her side. My mother's reflection can be seen in her jade bracelet.*

- Angela K. Hom, Third Prize Winner  
Townsend Harris High School

*I have a grandmother, and this story is about her strength, her courage and most of all her love. I have a grandfather too, Yakov Feldman. I never knew Yakov even when I saw him, lived with him, and talked to him. But you see it wasn't Yakov I was talking to. I was talking to half of him – the right half. . . I picture her standing firm, refusing to budge until she could bring his healthy brain back. Well, after all that, she managed to only bring the right half of him back to life. . . My grandmother is a strong woman whom I admire more than anyone else in the world.*

- Inna Feldman, Second Prize Winner  
Staten Island Technical High School

mother's experiences back in communist China. The essay is detailed and poignant, describing the young woman's hardships and eventual success. Zeng says that she had written a version of this essay before, for school, and had expanded on her initial idea. "My mom never read the essay [until I won]. I never showed it to her, it was just a school thing. . . She was just happy and I guess kind of surprised, because she doesn't really think I listen to what she says."

As Christine Royer puts it, the contest is "a very moving experience." It touches not only those who are involved in the ceremony directly – the winners and the panelists – but the subjects of the essays. Oftentimes, the women we admire most are the ones we often seem to take for granted. They can be mothers, grandmothers, inspiring educators – or just the ephemeral people who move across our lives. This essay contest allows young women writers to explore the women who have made an impact on their lives – and to renew the bond formed long before they wrote their essays.

Renata Bystritsky is a Barnard junior and bulletin co-editor-in-chief.

# SNAP

See New Abroad Photos



## EXHIBIT AND CONTEST

Altschul Atrium

Sunday through Thursday April 21 to 25

9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.,

except April 22 which is 9:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m.

Opening Reception Monday April 22 5:30 p.m.

### PHOTOS TO BE JUDGED BY

Professor and Chair of the Department of Architecture Karen Fairbanks, Lecturer in the Department of Art History John Miller and Senior Lecturer in Art History Joan Snitzer.

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# Bob Dylan would be ashamed Chelsea Walls is bound to be dull

by Zoe Galland

Mark Twain once said, "War talk by men who have been in a war is always interesting, while moon talk by poets who have never been in the moon is bound to be dull."

Dull. Oh, Mr. Twain, I'm glad you're not here to see Ethan Hawke's *Chelsea Walls*. In the words of Groucho Marx, "you'd rise from your grave and I'd only have to bury you again."

*Chelsea Walls* is a study of the famous Chelsea Hotel and the artists who currently reside there. The movie has an impressive cast – Uma Thurman and Rosario Dawson play poets, and Kris Kristofferson is an alcoholic writer, among others – but playwright Nicole Burdette's script is abominable. The script doles out lines such as "I feel like I'm going nowhere, fast" and "you're born in this world – and they shove it down your throat." It is, in short, a tedious montage of generalizations from bad poets and bad writers who think they've seen it all.

Someone needs to tell Mr. Hawke that the Chelsea Hotel's aura – Bob Dylan, Andy Warhol, Tennessee Williams, and other famous Bohemians spent time at the Chelsea – does not a movie make. Like many parts of New York, the hotel feels like a has-been. You can walk through Tompkins Square Park and pretend you're witnessing the 1988 riots, but you'll never understand the experience, and the real thing, in essence, is just a park. So it goes with the hotel.

There is nothing resembling a plot in *Chelsea Walls*, so I'll just describe the main characters. Two Minnesota musicians, played by Robert Sean Leonard and Steve Zahn, come to New York and the Chelsea Hotel starry-eyed and full of dreams – does this sound familiar? – and Zahn ends up killing himself. This is never explained or developed, although it's the only interesting part of the movie.

The other characters smoke cigarettes; sleep on the stairs; cheat on their wives; and search for happiness and brilliance, finding neither. Uma Thurman and Vincent

D'Onofrio's roles (he plays a painter) are never developed. And the movie's pitiful attempt at a theme – that the Chelsea Hotel, like New York, will never leave the characters, nor will they leave it – is, like the rest of the film, vague and boring.

There should be some saving grace to the movie, but I can't think of it. Vincent D'Onofrio is the most likable character in the film, but he's onscreen for about five minutes. Perhaps if he'd scored even a quarter of the time Kristofferson spends babbling about life, and alcohol, and death, and, uh, stuff, the movie would have merited a second chance.

Kristofferson ruins the movie, and it's not really his fault. The script shoves him into one cliché after another. His role as an alcoholic writer with a world-weary wife and a mistress is by the book. His lines, duds such as "ghosts are our most valuable resource," are colossal clichés. He's got two strikes against him, and as competent an actor as Kristofferson is, he can't rise above his role. He strikes out, but at least he goes down swinging.

Jeff Tweedy from Wilco provides a moody background to the film. I love Wilco – but absolutely hated the entire soundtrack. Perhaps if Hawke included a few of Wilco's more energetic songs – say, "I Can't Stand It" – the movie would have been fun. The music, along with the poetic voice-overs done by a loony Hotel resident, has a numbing, drowsy effect. You want to tell Hawke that even poets have fun, and that not all of them are moody introverts spouting alliteration.

Andy Warhol may have lived in the Chelsea Hotel at some point. But the Chelsea Hotel did not make him Andy Warhol. Does Hawke really believe that the Chelsea Hotel has some unique atmosphere that inspires creativity? If so, you'd never guess from watching *Chelsea Walls*. Hawke needs to rise above his pretentious Bohemian ideals and make something happen in his next movie.

Zoe Galland is a Barnard first-year and the bulletin commentary editor

# artspicks

for the week of april 17

## CONTRIBUTOR

### Earth Day at Central Park

April 20  
Central Park's Belvedere Castle, (Mid park at 79 St.).  
Tel 212-772-0210

Central Park is filled with fun and interesting activities for Earth Day every year, and this year it will be on a Saturday, so everyone can go! There will be live music and live dance, window box flower painting, storytelling and face painting, as well as recycling workshops, lectures on the marvels of hawks, eagles, falcons, and other raptors, and creative movement classes with Arts Horizons for the intellectual

## dance

### Pollen Revolution

April 25-27, 2002, 8pm.  
At the Japan Society, (333 E 47 St btwn First and Second Aves.)  
Admission \$25  
Tel 212-832-1155

Celebrated butoh dancer Akira Kasai makes his New York debut with his recent solo work, Pollen Revolution. Butoh is a contemporary, avant-garde dance form that originated in Japan in the late 1950s and is a hybrid of traditional Japanese per-

# Gerhard Richter

by Lauren Palmisano

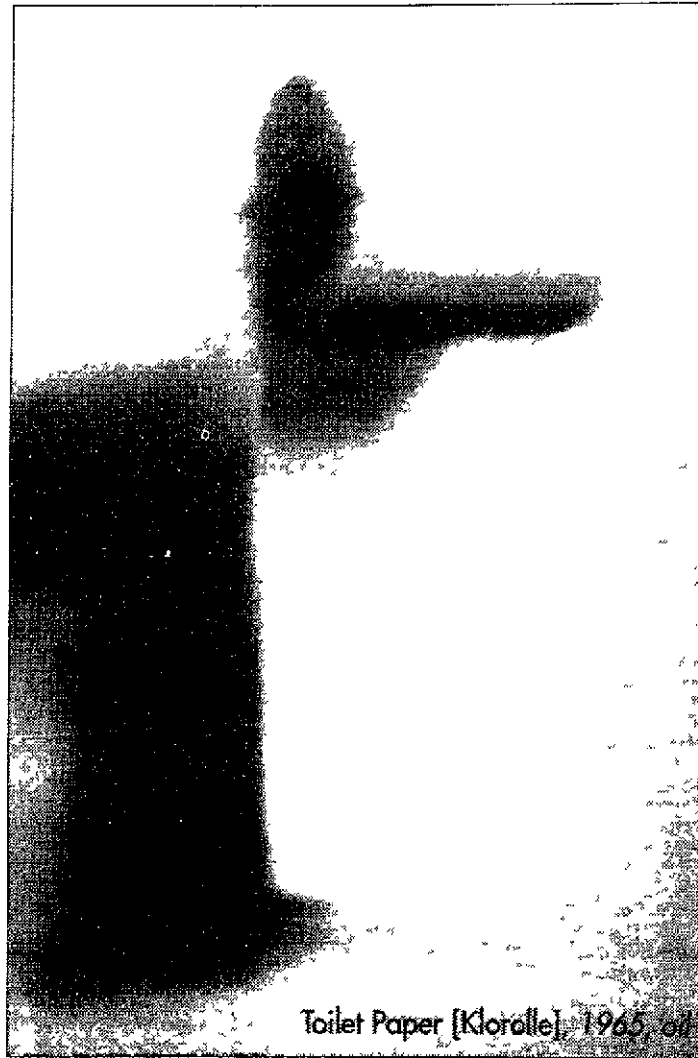
Museum-going is generally regarded as a recreational activity. People go to the art museum on a Sunday, or with a friend after a lunch date, or as part of a series of sight-seeing outings. Children hand-in-hand with mothers, couples in smart attire, twenty-somethings in patchwork and

visionist. He is not a pop artist, a minimalist, or a neo-expressionist. He has created a genre all his own, redefining the boundaries of each style as he toys with it. If nothing else, Richter is something of a revolutionary renaissance man.

The first room of the exhibit includes his early work, whose somewhat misguided nature can be slightly off-putting. How-

ever, this makes the rest of the exhibit even more unbelievable as the quality of work steadily improves, surprising and amazing the viewer at every turn. A great deal of his work borders on photo-realism, but diverges from the constraints of this style with a more painterly sensibility than its predecessors. To achieve this in many of his paintings, Richter apparently paints photo-realistic images, and then partially obliterates them using a squeegee.

This practice gives a slightly different effect on each painting in which it is used. Some seem ephemeral, while others seem to be moving, and still others remind one of an old photo streaked with



thick-rimmed glasses, and hesitant tag-alongs all experienced more than they expected when they walked into the MoMA where Gerhard Richter's poignant work demanded that they do more than merely observe.

The expansive exhibit spans 40 years and numerous different styles mastered by this versatile and unique artist. This prolific artist's body of work defies classification as does each individual piece included therein. Gerhard Richter is not a photo-realist. He is not an abstract expres-

sionist. His subject matter ranges from nudes (Ema (Nude on a Staircase)) to reproductions of vacation photos (Motor Boat) to Nazi soldiers (Uncle Rudi) to toilet paper (Toilet Paper). The irony in his paintings lies in the fact that they are not exact replicas of reality or of the photos from which they are painted. This work has a pop art twist sometimes showing that the photograph was pulled from a magazine by including the surrounding text in the actual painting. Again, Richter's work strays from pop art because of his subtlety and

# savior of postmodern art

evident brushstrokes, making him more of a "painter's painter" than his contemporaries

In showing his viewers this near-perfect representation of reality, he reminds them that no matter how close a painting - or photograph for that matter - comes to realism, that it is a glimpse into a separate, artist-driven world, rather than a window into their own. By making his filter so obvious, he exposes the existence of all filters, in all mediums (including photography). Then, Richter shows how nearly-invisible his own filters can be.

As patrons ascend a staircase to the second floor of the exhibit, they are greeted by a work entitled 48 Portraits, in which Gerhard Richter reproduces photographs of the faces of 48 white, famous men, each on a 70 x 55 cm canvas. Among the other composers, philosophers, scientists, and writers are Sigmund Freud, Tchaikovsky, and a young Albert Einstein. The work amounts to "a deadpan joke on the idea of public notoriety," writes curator Richard Storr in the museum's handy-dandy exhibit guide. The images are crisper (unsqueegeed) and nearly photographic whist, of course, retaining an illustrative quality. Their black-and-white color scheme adds to the illusion: from far away they are photographs, close-up, their medium is obvious, but simply hard to believe.

Among other paintings with similar qualities to 48 Portraits, and throughout the exhibit, were many canvases that differed strikingly from these realistic works. These gestural abstraction (for lack of a better term) paintings peppered the exhibit, and, for me, eased some of the complete emotional exhaustion caused by the rest of the show. Most of them were indeed very intense, in both their colors and expressive quality, and for the abstract expression-lover, these would perhaps

be just as lovely and taxing as the rest. Then bright oranges, deep blues, and harsh contrasts scrawled in vivid squeegee and brush strokes inspire the imaginations and souls, of some. Unfortunately, an abstract expression-lover I am not, so the avant-garde charm was lost on me.

Even despite personal tastes, the more intriguing sections of the exhibit stood out amidst Richter's abstract work. October 18, 1977 is a series of paintings about a group of radical students who, on that date, were found dead in the prison into which they were placed for terrorist crimes. The controversy surrounding the deaths of the terrorist group, called the Baader-Meinhof group, is a subject of great controversy in Germany, Richter's homeland. While he disagreed with their politics, his empathy for them as human beings shows through the blurred strokes of his paintings of them. Included are portraits, paintings from photos of their dead bodies, and scenes from their funerals.

The final section of the exhibit included Richter's most recent <<page 31>>



## artspicks

...continued

forming arts, transformed by Expressionism, Dadaism, and Surrealism to result in a style that takes as its subject matter subtleties of the soul. Pollen Revolution revolves around the beauty and horrors of contemporary life. Kasai is one of the founders of the art form, and this is a unique chance to see him perform.

art

### Painters in Baroque Italy

Until May 12. Tue-Sun  
9:30am-5:30pm (until 9pm  
Fri & Sat)..

At the Metropolitan Museum  
of Art, (1000 Fifth Ave at 82  
St.). Tel: 212-535-7710.

This is the first full-scale exhibition devoted entirely to Orazio Gentileschi and his daughter Artemisia. Gentileschi was the most gifted follower of Caravaggio, and was also one of the first to respond to his method of painting from posed models. Artemisia has received much popular attention herself, and is the subject of two biographical novels and a recent film, but her artistic ability is often overshadowed by her father's talent. She was a notorious female painter who was one of the first to live entirely by her art, and she refused to be bound by convention. The exhibit features 85 works by both artists and is a great chance to study the Gentileschi's work in depth.

# The *Passion*

by Marie Yereniuk

Clint Jefferies' new play *Tango Masculino* is not just a dance between two men, as the title would suggest, but an exploration of such universal themes as control and identity, which sweeps the audience into a firm (and perhaps precarious) embrace

*Tango Masculino* was directed by Jeffrey Corrick of the Wings Theater Company. Set shortly after the turn of the 20th century, *Tango Masculino* recreates the dangerous streets of Buenos Aires, controlled by the black market and a code of machismo. Ruling the streets is the lunfardo, a class of rogues who use the knife to settle disagreements over women, drugs, and politics.

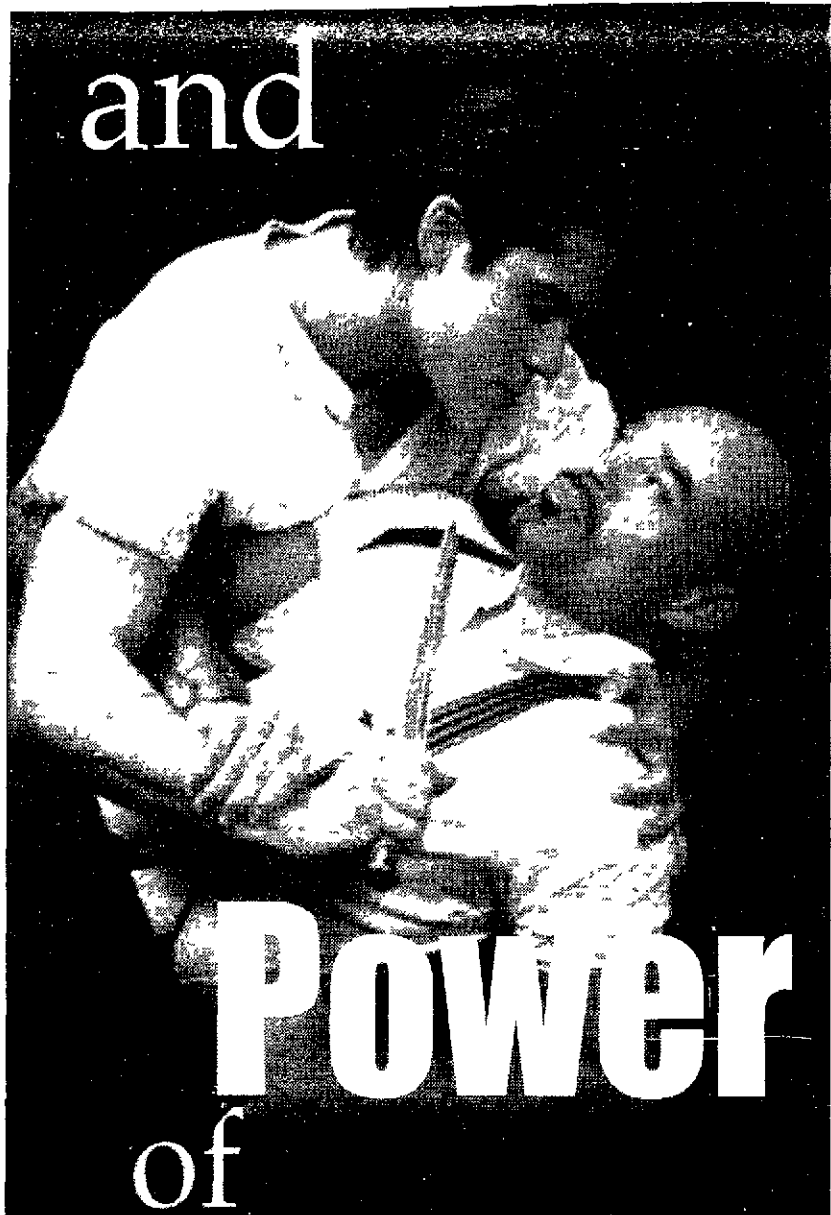
Musical numbers interspersed between the central storyline evoke the feeling of a 1930s Buenos Aires cabaret; set up on a platform to the right of the main stage is the club itself. With new musical compositions by musical director Paul L. Johnson, *la Canta* (Maureen Griffen) and *el Cantor* (Stephen Cabral) are supported by the undulating strains of live tango music. David Hodges plays the bandoneón, the square concertina that produces the unmistakable sound of tango music, Joseph Brent plays violin and guitar; and Meyer de Leeuw also plays the guitar.

The vibrant rhythms and vocal swells of the music add to the overall effect of the production, which is both realistic in the development of particular characters, and nearly mythological in the affirmation of archetypal, universal struggles. *Tango Masculino* seems to exist simultaneously in this moment, as well as existing a hundred years ago.

In addition to the acting and singing, there are several dancing scenes (choreographed by Kate Swan) that give the psychological and emotional drama a physical dimension. There is something immediately recognizable and understood about an embrace between two people, especially when that embrace is moving in a dance.

Most of the action of *Tango Masculino* takes place on the patio of a bordello in Buenos Aires' Porteño district, where the proprietor Rosendo (Ivan Davila) is unquestionably the most influential rogue. Using sex to demonstrate his status, he apparently makes no differentiation between society ladies, prostitutes, men who pay for sex, or the police. "Everybody's my type," he boasts.

Seeking Rosendo's guidance and a job, a young man



# of *Tango*

named Jorge (JoHary Ramos) arrives with no money and no family. The relationship between the two grows as they become sexually and emotionally entangled, even in the face of the social code.

Initially, Jorge's need for a mentor complements Rosendo's continual desire to emphasize his uppermost social position, and Rosendo takes the man's part in the actual dance. (When the dance is over and Rosendo asks Jorge, "are you coming [upstairs]?" it is silently understood



who will have the more active role in the sexual encounter.)

"Un acto de valor, un acto de dolor," el Cantor says after Rosendo and Jorge dance for the first time [translated as: "an act of courage, an act of pain"]. The tango, and the love it embodies, is both beautiful and deadly: violent sexiness and sexy violence between individuals (as well as within them). Jorge finally confronts his homosexuality and attraction for Rosendo, although he initially denies both.

As Jorge struggles with himself in a sort of internal tango, there are times in which he views Rosendo with envy. At least on the exterior, it seems Rosendo is the kind of man to control the world, rather than be controlled by the world. Even still, Rosendo has an inner, less visible desire to surrender his position as the most powerful man on top. Secretly, he wants to find someone who is stronger than him. As Rosendo, Ivan Davila's tender interpretation of this scene seems to suggest that there is a hidden strength in vulnerability.

"You don't have to be top-dog," la Madre, Rosendo's wife, says with a hint of irony. This is especially poignant because she was rejected years ago for a long line of prostitutes, and knows all about not being top dog.

The play has a political dimension, in addition to the personal: Lorenzo (Roberto Cambeiro), who is "married" to Manon (Paul Taylor), a la marica (slang for "queer"), keeps protesting the corruption of the "capitalist swine." His unwavering conviction is so strong that it gets him killed. Manon loved Lorenzo for standing up "for the downtrodden workers of Argentina," even though the fight comes to a bitter end.

The characters are in this play not overdone. Every gesture and word seems intentional; it is not in-your-face overacting, but neither is it sloppily left to chance.

Especially impressive about the production is the fact that even the most humorous moments do not become overstated to the point of falsity. Even Manon's song "la Mujer Honesta" (Honest Woman), ironic because Manon is really a man dressed in drag, seems to merely ask the audience to consider the opposition of appearance versus reality.

The tango, thus, has metaphorical significance in this work, symbolizing man's quest for domination, in whatever form. But a partnered dance, like the tango, cannot be sustained in a simple leader-follower arrangement. The passion of the tango arises from the tension between the two dancers, as each struggles to control the dance.

Although The Tango is "a dance where passion and power collide," la Canta sings in the first scene, which presents a glimpse of a cabaret show. And later, she reiterates the idea with el Cantor: "passion and power are the essence of man," more commonly between a man and a woman. It was not uncommon in the early part of the 20th century to see men dancing together in bordellos, to "keep them in the mood" as they waited for women. This coupling, not unlike a cock-fight, leads to both men competing to be the stronger (and sexier) man.

As Jorge's confidence grows, so does his desire for domination over Rosendo, causing them to collide as each affirms his own power. Rosendo finally vocalizes the challenge: "do you want a fight, or a dance?" suggesting that the two are equivalent in some ways. Rosendo says of the dance, "this is a challenge."

Although initially very stylized and form-oriented, the tango between Rosendo and Jorge quickly becomes a fight. The two circle around the stage as if they were bulls in a ring, their eyes locked with such intent that the energy is almost palpable. Then they really do fight (fight choreography by Kimberli E. Morris), until Rosendo is on his back at knife-point.

The dance begins again, but this time the handhold is different: Rosendo, having finally found someone stronger than he, is now in the woman's role of follower. After the dance, it is Jorge who asks, "are you coming?" in a scene whose gestures mirror the earlier scene when Rosendo was still "top-dog."

By the end, the dynamics between Rosendo and Jorge have changed from their initial encounter. In learning about power and passion through the dance and Rosendo's guid-

# Masculino

The political power struggle between the ruling class and the working class brings Rosendo's earlier words to mind, when he tells Jorge that "the tango's a struggle like sex is a struggle." It is all about "who has the power."

Tango as an art form (dance, music and poetry) was born of the working class in the mid-19th century. It is the art of everyman, the proletariat, with themes that cover the whole spectrum of human emotion, memory and desire.

ance, Jorge has learned another lesson: how to let go.

*Tango Masculino* will be performing at The Wings Theatre Company, 154 Christopher Street, through May 4th. Performances are Thursdays-Saturdays at 8pm; Sundays at 3.30pm and Mondays at 8pm. Tickets (\$19) are available by calling (212) 627-2961

Marie Yereniuk is a Barnard sophomore

# w b a r weekly top 5

a war dj voices her faves

This should be a good start for anyone out there who is interested in learning more about the punk-rock genre.

## 1 Strike Anywhere-Change Is A Sound

This album has great composition and a sound that will keep you charged for hours. They also have very socially and politically conscious lyrics, if you're into that sort of stuff. Favorite song: "Riot of Words"

## 2 Bad Religion-The Process of Belief

Another good band for strong lyrics. They've been around forever, and just seem to be getting better with time. Favorite song: "Destined for Nothing"

## 3 Flogging Molly-Swagger

I must admit, I'm completely biased towards Flogging Molly. They are the best Irish Punk around! Their sound is so different than anything else out there that it's hard not to fall in love with them. Favorite song: "Devil's Dance Floor"

## 4 Trial by Fire-Ringing in the Dawn

This band has a lot of raw power behind their songs and keeps the energy level high throughout the album. Favorite song: "Vengeance"

## 5 NYC Ska Mob and Friends

This compilation is a little more jazzy than skanky, but all in all is a really great performance by all of the featured bands. One group in particular, the Checkered Cabs, has a really funky jazz sound that keeps their song in my head all day. Favorite song: the Checkered Cabs "Fight for Your Woman"



*Nikki Candelore is a Barnard first year. Her show, 'Music To Mosh To,' airs 2-4 PM Sundays*

this week's dj  
is nakki candelore

**Overdue library fines: \$24**

**New navy blue suit: \$248**

**Your share of the deposit on a NYC rental: \$550**

**BENEFITS OF A BARNARD EDUCATION: PRICELESS**

**With only a few weeks to go before graduation, now is the time to invest in the next generation of Barnard excellence. Make a gift to the Senior Fund.**

*Come to the Senior Fund table Monday through Thursday, April 22 - April 25, 11:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. in lower level McIntosh.*

# Time to revisit **Dunk Idol!** Richard Hell's "new" release

by Ann Everton



**I** found two plastic life-size mannequin legs on Bowery outside of CBGB's after seeing my friend's boyfriend's band perform one Monday night. I took

them home, thinking they would be good for a future sculpture project, and in the mean time, stored them on the bed by the window in the middle room of the quad where I live in Brooks. This

<< next page >>

# musicpicks

for the week of april 17

april 17

## Starry Nights: Fridays Under the Sphere

At the American Museum  
of Natural History (West  
81 St.) call 769-5920

You may have seen these postcards in bins all over the city, but did it ever register that with a paltry "suggested donation," you too can hear live jazz as you explore the Rose Center for Earth and Space and nibble on tapas, every Friday evening?

april 20

## Cropduster

At Brownies (169 Ave. A)  
[www.browniesnyc.com](http://www.browniesnyc.com)

Cropduster is an area favorite; they've been around for the past few years, playing superb country-tinged indie rock. Plus, one of them works at the Starbucks in Montclair, NJ. How could I not plug them here?

<<page 19>>

window, incidentally, looks out on noisy nosy 116th street.

A few weeks later, when I came home from my 9 am Biology class on a Friday for a celebratory nap (celebratory because I went to class), I found my hall full of distraught transfer students who claimed security had broken into my room after knocking on all their doors, looking for a body passed out on a bed by a window, and supposedly dead or in a coma. (Of course, when security found the dead body to only be two plastic mannequin legs, they seemed to have disappeared without a trace!)

So it makes sense that when I first played Richard Hell's new CD, *Time*, I had to turn the volume way up on the live tracks recorded at some show in London in 1977, to further disturb my

actually a compilation of Richard's work over the years with the Heartbreakers, (his band with ex-New York Doll Johnny Thunders after he left his dream-team band with Tom Verlaine of Television), and the Voidoids. The latter is the band Richard is most famous for, outside of Television. The drummer from the

Voidoids, Marc Bell, went on after the Voidoids to become part of everybody's favorite Rock 'n Roll-highschool-band, the Ramones.

I assume every Richard Hell lover out there has a copy of the Voidoids' most famous release, *Blank Generation*, so it's kind of interesting to compare the musical jewel which is that LP with this new release. There are two versions of the classic Richard Hell song, "Love Comes in Spurts" (doesn't the title tell you enough? Fine, if you want more, find



Richard Hell, everyone's favorite poet/rocker

hallmates into thinking there was a live band in my room. And, ironically enough, Richard Hell helped build the stage at CBGB's that I saw my friend's boyfriend play on. So it all comes full circle back to those legs at CBGB's

Anyway, Richard Hell, everyone's favorite poet/rocker and supposed-firestarter of punk, is out with a new CD on Matador. I use "new" in the most liberal sense of the word, in that the CD is

the lyrics yourself at [www.richard-hell.com](http://www.richard-hell.com)), one from a 1975 Heartbreakers recording, and another from a 1977 live Voidoids performance in London, and the difference really is remarkable. Hell sounds like a choirboy in the first, whereas on the second, he assumes the familiar punk-rock voice-crack sexy whine everybody copied off of to get anywhere in the impertinent punk world. In fact, I think it's fair to say

# RICHARD HELL & THE VOIDOIDS



I have to be honest and admit that the Voidoids were never a band. They were a group of four people who were friends and lived in the same house. They were a group of friends who were living together and they were a group of friends who were living together. They were a group of friends who were living together and they were a group of friends who were living together.

I have to be honest and admit that the Voidoids were never a band. They were a group of four people who were friends and lived in the same house. They were a group of friends who were living together and they were a group of friends who were living together. They were a group of friends who were living together and they were a group of friends who were living together.

with the ERASERS and the GHOSTS  
at CBGB'S April 20, 21, 22  
315 Bowery @ Blanton 982-1052  
Thursday, Friday, Saturday

on the whole compilation was "I Wanna Be Your Dog," a nice little ditty in which Richard barks a bunch. Also, there are a couple covers of Rolling Stones songs ("Ventilator Blues" and "Shattered") to which the Voidoids do justice, and one song with Elvis Costello, which is dumb. That's all I have to say about that.

Truthfully, I question why this CD was put out. Was it because Matador thought these songs were such gems they couldn't bear to keep them from the public? Or perhaps it was just another trick of those in the music industry to make some money off of someone's old bootleg tape. . . Or perhaps they just wanted to remind us what a wonder-

ful brilliant musician and person Richard Hell is, and that we should all be listening to him and ripping up our shirts and drawing on them (a look he invented ps by the way). But the fact is, those of us who truly love Richard Hell never need reminders of his existence. He is an omnipotent and ubiquitous presence in our lives (the best part is he's still alive—this CD wasn't even a tribute!). So screw this new Matador thing—go out and buy the CD *Blank Generation* if you want to add darling Richard "I-was-saying-let-me-out-of-here-before-I-was-even-born" Hell to your musical repertoire.

Ann Everton is a Barnard sophomore

## musicpicks

...continued

april 21

### Kittie

At Irving Plaza (17 Irving Pl.) call 777-6800

Kittie was the only girl band on Ozzfest last summer, a fact which describes both their sound and attitude perfectly. Most guys quake in fear when they see Kittie. Kittie's last album got terrible reviews, but at least they come from Ontario.

april 22

### Eyes Adrift

At the Knitting Factory (74 Leonard St.) call 219-3006

Ready for a blast from the past? Try this lineup: Krist Novoselic (ex-Nirvana bassist), Curt Kirkwood (ex-Meat Puppet, best known for his turn on Nirvana's *Unplugged*), and Bud Gaugh (ex-Sublime drummer). Still alive, they've recently united to play cowpunk.

# WBAR - B - QUE

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anna and blake



clarity and eternal



the shame



coco fabray

cherry pie reaction



112k



m/i



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food music 2 ids to drink

# Ben Kweller: all grown up and rockin' out



**Ben Kweller - *Sha Sha* (ATO)**

Have you ever played the "name the people you grew up with and are now famous" game? The one that gives you hope that you might make it, too? I have, and I only know two. I went to high school with pop superstar Jessica Simpson (who really raised the level of the annual talent show) and attended High Holiday services with alterna-rockers Ben Kweller.

You may remember Ben Kweller from the post-grunge trio Radish, once touted as the new Silverchair. Kweller's interest in music began early on when, at age 3, he would imitate family friend Nils Lofgren (former lead guitarist for Neil Young

and Bruce Springsteen) on his toy guitar. Kweller's actual music career began when he was nine—he received an honorable mention in *Billboard's* annual songwriting contest. BK, as he likes to be called, then went on to play in local bands like Green Eggs & Ham until founding Radish in 1993. Even though he was only twelve when he formed Radish, Kweller and the band became a staple in Deep Ellum, Dallas' downtown music scene, and attracted the attention of media bigwigs all over the US. Radish's debut album *Restraining Bolt* (Mercury) did well, the single "Little Pink Stars" was even a UK Top 40 hit. After Radish broke up in 1997, Kweller moved to Brooklyn, and has

been working solo since.

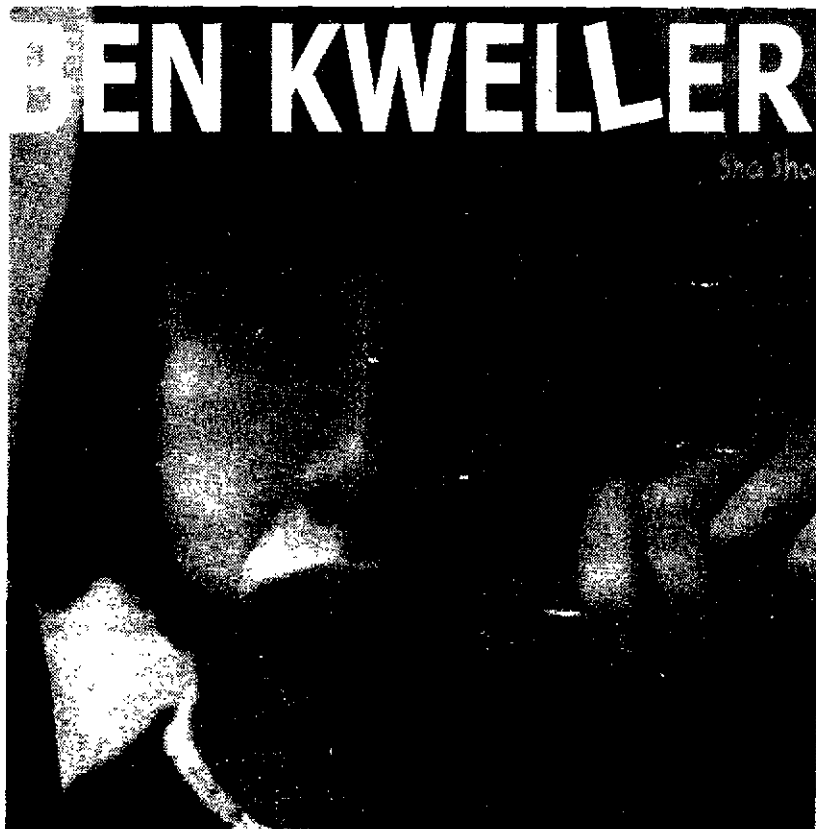
In his new release *Sha Sha*, it appears that Kweller has lost the angst of *Restraining Bolt* but has retained a sense of melody that one can sing along to. I like BK friend Anabelle Hall's description of his music: "a cross breed of sing-along/power-pop, and anti-folk sprinkled with toy keyboards, Texas and love." *Sha Sha* has some notable collaborators: the fabulous Kimya Dawson (Moldy Peaches) does backup vocals on the title track and the Weezer-like "Wasted & Ready"

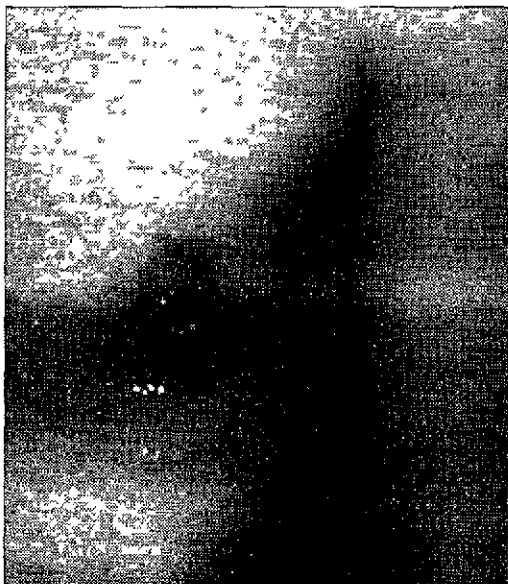
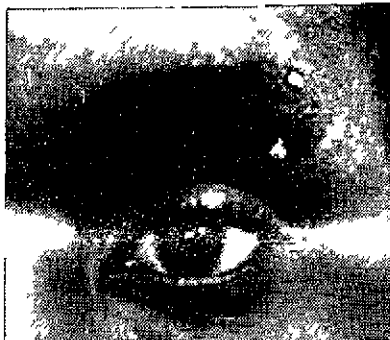
showcases the talent of leading jazz French horn player Vincent Chancyy. BK shows his Texas roots in the easy-going "Family Tree" and his Wiccan leanings in "Make It Up" and "Harriet's Got a Song." If I had to pick only one favorite, it would have to be the earnestly acoustic "Lizzy," named for musician girlfriend Liz Smith, in which he references Dayenu (everyone's favorite Passover song). "In Other Words" comes in at a close second, with pedal steel guitar by former Ghost Rocket Bob Hoffnar and banjo by Boo Reiners.

Kweller shows his increasing maturity as a songwriter in the impressive *Sha Sha*. The album has some great moments, and gets better each time you hear it. Check it out and see for yourself.

You can catch Ben live at the Knitting Factory on May 10.

-Maya Cohen





So I've done it. Yours truly is now a card-carrying member of the facially pierced mafia. I thought I could resist the urge to get my nose pierced, but I gave in. My mother had warned me way back in the day not to get anything, not even my ears pierced: "if you get one, you'll just keep going until you're entirely covered!" I had never thought anything of my ear piercings (two on the bottom, one cartilage), as they are a common sight and nothing special. But now that I've gotten my nose pierced, I'm wondering if I've gone overboard

Nah

The journey taken to receive the magical stud was long and arduous. A real trek, I'm telling you. You would think I was searching for the Holy Grail, the way I went about it. I researched on the internet for every bit of information on piercings. How did they do it? How do you know if the place is clean? How do you take care of the piercing afterwards? Etc. Finally an expert, the next task was to find a place up to my "standards," whatever that means

New York, as we know, is the mecca for body modification. Anything and everything is done here—from tattoos and piercings to scarification and implants. With the plethora of places available, how could I narrow down my options?

Going to St. Mark's was out of the question for me. Granted, there are a million places down that street where perfectly great piercing happens, but somehow the vibe of the places there seemed off-putting. I definitely wanted a female to pierce me, and the burly, excessively pierced men at Andromeda scared the hell out of me. Call it intimidation if you want... I'll admit to feeling like a tool in

by cover girl, Thea Tagle

# An (Almost)



front of them. I know that the place is reputable and very professional but I had to keep looking for something that felt 'right' for me.

Being a cheap ass, price was still a consideration. So when I found in my internet search (yes, I'm a computer dork) Sacred Tattoo and Piercing on Canal St., I thought I had it made. Clean, comfortable, and with nose piercing prices going for a flat \$35, I was all set to go. My friend and I took the hour-long subway ride down to Canal, thinking that this was the day. Alas, it was Chinese New Year that night, and the kids closed shop early to party. Foiled again.

It should have ended right there—I should have just gone back the next night to Sacred Tattoo, but of course, I was deterred. School happened, then spring break . . . and then I got sick. Snot + piercing = disgusting. My dream would have to be put on hold until the dribbles subsided. No problem, right?

One month later, still congested, I could wait no longer. Piercings should be kept away from salt water and chlorine while they are healing — if I waited any longer, my beach bunny days would be ruined. So I sucked it up (literally) and decided to just go through with it.

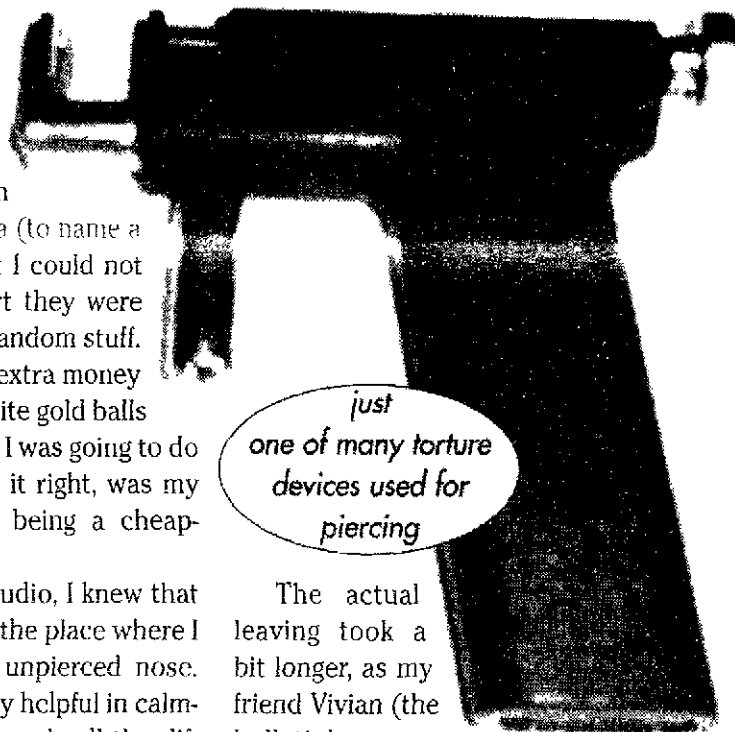
During the time I was sick, I had asked someone to recommend any good places to me. Two seconds after I ask him about nose piercings, he busts out a business card from New York Adorned. Even though he hadn't gotten pierced there personally, he highly recommended it for the "atmosphere and good piercers." Going with his word, I checked it out yesterday with some friends. And I finally did the deed.

I had called in earlier that day to ask about prices. The girl on the phone said it was \$15 base price for nose piercings, plus the cost of jewelry. No biggie. I see

the catch in it now, though, because New York Adorned has the best selection of body jewelry in the city. Exotic things from Burma India, and Africa (to name a few); body jewelry that I could not even imagine what part they were for; and just gorgeous random stuff. So yeah, I put up some extra money to get a nicer stud—3 white gold balls in a cluster formation. If I was going to do this, I might as well do it right, was my thought. So much for being a cheap-skate.

Once I was in the studio, I knew that New York Adorned was the place where I would de-virginize my unpierced nose. The vibe there was really helpful in calming me down, and that made all the difference. Soft ambient music, pan-Asian inspired décor, and the friendly staff put me at ease. The fact that all the piercers were women was also a big plus. They were professional from the start—a good place always checks ID before dealing with clients, which NY Adorned did right away. But what really got me was Chewbacca. The owner's dog was chilling in the place — a little black terrier that could have kicked a German Shepard's ass. This teacup-sized bad boy suckered my friends, and won my stamp of approval. With Chewy, I was invincible and ready to be pierced after months of procrastination! Whoo hoo!

On to the dirty deal, which ended up being a lot less gruesome than I had envisioned it to be. Cara, my piercer (and a dead knocker for Rose McGowan, yum!), rocked. Super nice and just as professional, she explained the whole process before she did anything, and was, thankfully, very quick. In less than five minutes, I was pierced and ready to go.



just  
one of many torture  
devices used for  
piercing

The actual leaving took a bit longer, as my friend Vivian (the bulletin's very own) just couldn't resist checking out the tattoo books and navel jewelry... but that's for another story, my friends.

A day later, I'm still adjusting to the change that my face has suddenly taken on. I like it, and that's all that really matters. Sometimes I wonder if, to other people, it looks like a ridiculous semi-precious pimple on my face. To that I say... well, you know.

Some places to get your pierce on:  
**Andromeda** - 33 St. Marks Place, (212) 388-9772  
**Gauntlet** - 144 Fifth Ave., 2nd Floor, (212) 229-0180  
**New York Adorned** - 47 Second Ave., (212) 473-0007  
**Sacred Tattoo** - 365 Canal St., (212) 226-4286  
**Venus Modern Body Arts** - 199 East 4 St., (212) 473-1954

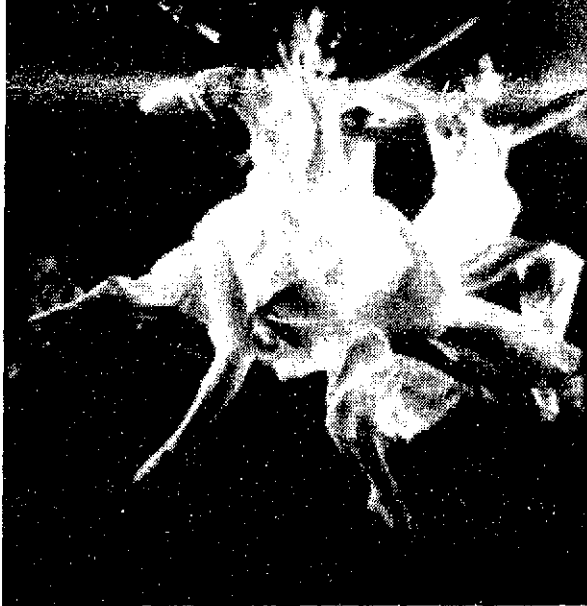
*Thea Tagle is a Barnard sophomore and the co-editor-chief of the bulletin*

# painless JOURNEY

...or, how I  
got my nose  
pierced

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at Miller Theater



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**8:00 PM**

**Thursday, Friday, Saturday**

choreography by:

Sandra Genter

Gloria Marina

Jeff Moen

Daniel Pelzig

Anna Sokolow

Rebecca Stenn

**MILLER THEATER**

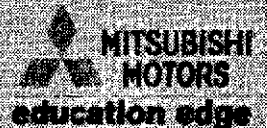
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# The Other Side of Diversity

Goals like this one are constructive; the group is non-exclusive

and wishes not to separate itself, but to teach others about their culture.

By Jacquelyn Johnston

The Columbia University student organizations list contains the names of over fifty groups based on heritage, sex, sexual orientation, or religion.

Have these groups gone too far? On March 12, the group Black Organization of Soul Sisters (BOSS) and the Center for Research on Women (CROW) sponsored a "dessert series for Women of Color ONLY." I saw an advertisement for the dessert a few days before it took place. A few days later, I saw the same notice with the word "racist" scribbled on it in large letters.

Was the person who penned this word correct? It is hard to say. One problem with the poster is its ambiguity. The author might have meant "only" as referring to the people invited to attend the event, or, the word "only" could have belonged to the next sentence, saying it was 'only' a space to discuss certain topics.

But I doubt this. At Barnard and Columbia, "minority" groups can be as exclusive as they wish. In our politically correct age, students fear speaking out against this new form of segregation. The force of this censorship is now more powerful than the original sentiment that we should live together, as brothers and sisters.

Obviously, the person who wrote "RACIST" on this poster was one of the few people bold enough to speak out against the exclusionary groups. Yet the advertisement had not seen its final days yet. When I passed the notice later, the word "racist" had been scribbled back out.

Do two wrongs make a right? It is not right to express your dislike for something through vandalizing a poster, but does silencing that opinion make vandalism justifiable? If, for example, "you go, sista's" had been written on this poster, would it too have been crossed out?

I would venture to say that if the person who wrote "RACIST" on that poster had instead made a poster advertising a "Caucasian ONLY dessert party," all hell would have broken loose.

I wanted an objective opinion on this complex issue from someone who was not a Barnard or Columbia student. On the subway, I spotted a man asking for money and asked him what he thought. The man, who was black, said, "well, we are all colored. We all have colors. But I think it's good that they get together and talk. [long pause] But it's racist! It is racist to exclude people unlike them!"

Have the groups that originally formed to support desegregation instead become agents of exclusion? At Columbia, some groups have adopted a more modern approach, like Columbia's Chinese Students Club (CCSC.) Their campus mission reads, "to bring awareness and appreciation of the Chinese culture and add to the richness of the Columbia community."

Although other clubs present progressive mission statements like CCSC, why should we still cling to the old notion that there is a certain heritage that makes up the American norm? The word "minority" is a relative term. As Americans, our heritages are too diverse for such petty labels.

Contributing to equality and freedom is what minority support groups should be about.

The Jewish group Hillel, for example, is one of the largest cultural forces on the Columbia campus, including various Undergraduate and Graduate Jewish organizations. "Involving students in Jewish life," is a main prerogative of their mission. "Over

forty groups and projects offer opportunities for students to get involved Jewishly through cultural, social action, performing arts,

social life, religious life, education, and Israel groups." At the end of their statement, they include, "All our groups are open to all students."

However, I spoke with one student who lamented her inability to receive a free ticket to Israel because she was not Jewish. Hillel had sponsored a program offering free tickets to Israel if a student was Jewish and had not gone to Israel before.

I agree with my friend. To say that only Jews can get a free plane ticket to Israel is ridiculous. Is Israel not also the Holy Land of the New Testament, and therefore all Christians?

I wonder what we would think if a group of white students chose to serve dessert only to each other. Or if a group of white people chose to give free tickets only to other whites. Wouldn't it garner more protest than the above situations?

Why should preferences be allowed that are based on minority status? Isn't everyone in the US from some other country, with the exception of the Native Americans? Most of us have blood from at least two countries, or are from another country but have been here for generations. Why continue to separate ourselves? Haven't we made enough progress against racism to try to live together?

Perhaps the people who don't belong to a special group need a group. For lack of a better name, it could be called the "we aren't in any way discriminated against" group. But could anyone say they would fit there, either?

Let's remember what Martin Luther King once said: "For many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny and their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom. We cannot walk alone."

There is no room for "ONLY." We need to respect each other, and above all else, strive for unity.

Jacquelyn Johnston is a Barnard sophomore

**have the groups that originally formed to support desegregation instead become agents of exclusion?**



# NAME?

Don't get me wrong. If Freddy hadn't constantly lectured the Trustees about the importance of academic opportunities for women, I don't think Barnard would have been founded. I don't want to deny Freddy B. his well-deserved honor, so I see no problem with retaining his name for Barnard Hall.

By Jody Mullen

Recently, I completed a project for my class A Social History of Columbia University on Frederick Augustus Porter Barnard, the tenth president of Columbia who is mistakenly identified as the founder of Barnard College. Having learned a bit more about Freddy, I've come to the conclusion that "Barnard College" is a glaring misnomer.

Barney came to Columbia in 1864 after abandoning his position as Chancellor at Ole Miss because of his pro-Union views. During his 25-year stint as pres, he helped to found the School of Mines (today's SEAS) and, in 1879, began to urge the Trustees to admit women to the all-male Columbia College.

Barnard was a major proponent of coeducation and was not happy when the Trustees created the "Columbia Collegiate Course For Women" in 1883, which allowed women to teach themselves the material taught at Columbia classes, take Columbia examinations, and, if they succeeded, receive Columbia degrees; nor was he satisfied when, in 1888, Columbia opened an academically separate "women's annex" similar to Harvard's Radcliffe College for women.

In short, our boy Freddy was a damn good guy who pushed for educational opportunities for women, but he advocated coeducation at the Ivy Leagues, not the creation of the seven Ivy Sisters. The first college at Columbia to admit women opened at 343 Madison Avenue in September 1889, several months after Barnard's death. It was named in his honor and, well, the rest is history.

If Barnard had been alive in 1983 when Columbia College became the last Ivy League school to admit women, he very well may have advocated the abolishment of Barnard College. After all, he believed that a coeducational environment was best. (It's too bad he can't see all the successful graduates of women's colleges today, such as Hillary Rodham Clinton, Madeleine Albright, and of course our very own Anna Quindlen and Martha, Martha, Martha!) Does anybody else think it's a little wacky to be attending a school named after someone who disagreed with exactly what Barnard College stands for today—an academic powerhouse full of strong females?

I do, however, think our college is inappropriately named. First of all, this Barnard guy wasn't a proponent of women's education. Secondly, I think it would be far more appropriate if we were actually named for a woman. Columbia College, which for so long REFUSED to admit women, bears the feminized name of Christopher Columbus. "Columbia" is a goddess-like female figure who stands for America. How is it that in 1892, the university's school for men was named for a female figure and its college for women was named for a man?

I have a couple of suggestions for the rechristening of Barnard College—although I know that will never happen—and here are my thoughts. Smith College is named in honor of its female founder, Sophia Smith. Likewise, Annie Nathan Meyer was a feminist who is historically associated with the founding of Barnard College; perhaps Meyer College would be more appropriate. President Millicent McIntosh had a lasting impact on early BC, but she has a student center named for her. What about Dean Virginia Gildersleeve? Surely we could have at least named a dorm or for her.

Several prominent women's colleges are named for their locations: Mount Holyoke, Bryn Mawr, and Wellesley. I like "Morningside College," but since there are so many colleges in this neighborhood, I don't think that will fly. "The College of New York" sounds impressive, but I'm almost positive that there's a certain huge university down in Greenwich Village that has had dibs on the New York name since 1830.

But consider this: How difficult must it be to maintain the excellent academic reputation of a women's college when it is located at a coeducational research university in a world of coed schools? What kind of challenge does a college president face when a national disaster like 9/11 occurs in the same city? What do you say to 2,300 students gathered on Lehman Lawn when the Twin Towers have fallen just several miles downtown? How do you convince high school seniors to apply to your college when it's located in a town haunted by a massive terrorist attack?

If you can answer ANY of these questions, you're far wiser than I am. If you can answer ALL of these <<page 31>>

# Afghanistan and the Ivy League: the **strange** taste of **War**

by Courtney Martin

When my cousin Lang was 13, all he wanted for Christmas was an acoustic guitar. My uncle - a balding, burly construction worker who wears holy jeans and has the utmost faith in God and the goodness of human nature - would come home to their trailer each night before Christmas with a smirk on his face. "Lang," he would say, "there just aren't any more guitars left in Colorado. I've looked."

When Christmas finally rolled around, my uncle, of course, gave Lang a light brown Johnson guitar. I remember the way Lang's eyes lit up and the way he strummed away at the guitar all day, even though he didn't know a single chord.

I often think about this moment these days as my cousin, now 20 and much rougher around the edges, sends me e-mails from his marine address - "somewhere in Afghanistan," the subject heading reads. His notes are brief. Sometimes he mentions God, but usually just describes one of his buddies or a recent movie they've been able to watch. He can't tell me much, or, more likely, he just doesn't. Regardless, I can't really picture him there; his soft eyes and guitar hands seem so incongruent

**“So I am introduced to a paradox that has sadly become a part of the American experience. My soft-eyed cousin is fighting in a war I don't believe in. And I still believe . . . in him.”**

with a military uniform, a gun, even death.

And so I am introduced to a paradox that has sadly become a part of the American experience. My soft-eyed cousin is fighting in a war I don't believe in. And I still believe, ultimately and intimately, in him.

For my parents this paradox was called Vietnam. As Edward P. Morgan writes in *The 60s Experience*. "The war created a deep and emotional polarization in American society...soldiers from students. Although many in the antiwar movement were critical of the class-based exploitation built into the draft...the inherent tension between military service and opposition to war triggered excessive personal attacks on both servicemen and activists."

Servicemen and activists. My cousin and myself. We inhabit two very different worlds: his is probably filled with uncertainty, marked by sunsets in a world of sand and violence, filled with feelings of alienation although he is surrounded by people. Mine is also uncertain, but my confusion is born of graduate school deadlines and job interviews, and wondering as I walk from dorm to class about the moral implications of a war being fought a million miles away.

Yet these thoughts are interrupted when I realize I am turning my cousin's mortality into an abstraction. His livelihood has become food for thought in between classes. It makes me feel guilty and sick to my stomach.

How did we end up here? As kids we used to jump on my trampoline for hours, put black olives on our fingers and dance around the kitchen to our parents' dismay pre-Thanksgiving meal. He was always so kind and quiet compared to my rowdy brother, always so deliberate about his movements. After graduating from high school and realizing that he didn't have the grades or the money for college, he enlisted. He told me it would be a good way to figure out what he should do with the rest of his life.

At the time his words seemed benign. He was 18, poor, and conscientious...why shouldn't he spend a few years doing military duty so that the government would eventually put up some money for his college education? Right about now, I can think of a hundred reasons, and my hunch is that he can too. But there is no going back. There is only this unnavigable going forward that feels more and more ominous each time President Bush makes another rhetoric-filled comment about the progress of the War on Terrorism that, in essence, means more people are going to die. I wish I had spent the last six months praying more often that it wasn't my cousin, but even that seems selfish now.

I don't want to make the mistakes that my parent's generation made during the Vietnam conflict. I don't want to give into the soporific lull of theoretical discussions about the war in my political science classes. I don't want to turn my cousin's life into a hypothetical. And when he returns, God willing, I don't want him to think I sat inside the ivy-covered walls of academia and condemned him for being a kid who didn't know what else to do when he got his high school diploma. There are thousands of young kids like him in Afghanistan right now. If we, as college students, are determined to construct an intellectual argument against the War on Terrorism, the least we could do is understand that.

*Courtney Martin is a Barnard senior and a bulletin staff writer*

By Liliana Segura

Barnard declared the first week of April "Body Celebration Week" and fittingly, along came a period of warm weather that prompted the appearance of tank tops, sundresses and cute-but-functional flip-flops on campus. After months of head-to-toe skin coverage, we Barnard students were finally free to expose our soon-to-be-sun-kissed bodies in all their natural beauty.

Well, perhaps not all their natural beauty. As spring gear returns, so does a certain fair-weather friend - a staple of the beauty industry and a terrible instrument that, no matter how pretty its pastel shade, can cause great pain. My strong Barnard women, I am talking about the shaver, that great weapon in combating our most regenerative enemy - body hair.

So much for "body celebration."

At risk of revealing a bit more than you wish to know about me, I have a long-standing fascination with body hair, or rather, with its removal. In fact, before I realized that it was entirely incongruous with my major, I went through a phase of premature thesis brainstorming in which I pondered questions about the subject. Why do women shave, I wondered after years of an on-again/off-again relationship with disposable razors (and the occasional Gillette Sensor that would show up in my mailbox uninvited.) Like the great mystery of the high heel shoe, where did such an absurd practice originate? We, as animals of the natural world, have hair for a reason; surely it must benefit us in some way. So why are we so bent on getting rid of it? Swimmers and cyclists aside, what do we gain from our increased aerodynamic status?

When I was a newly official teenager, I read a cover story in Teen magazine on Alicia Silverstone revealing (gasp!) that the blonde starlet did not shave her legs. This was presented with a

sense of high intrigue, and I admit, it worked. Ultimately though, I felt cheated when I went on to read that Alicia does not actually leave her body hair un-removed (this would be anathema to the commercial and ideological principles of

high school I had gone from a lazy-but-obligatory approach to hair removal to an uneasy rejection of it, but eventually I became fascinated with it as a cultural phenomenon

Why is a female body hair so

## on shaving...or not

Teen magazine, after all). Ms. Silverstone, it appears, suffered a traumatic first shave as a young girl, and has used Nair ever since.

Figures. One couldn't expect Teen magazine to present such a deviation from normative girlhood.

I remember one morning years later, when I sat by the edge of the pool during a high school swim meet. It was a winter season and thus, my shaver had gone into hibernation, despite my regular swimsuit appearances. At one point a friend and fellow swimmer looked over at my legs and did a double take that nearly landed her in the water. (I would quote what she said, but as I recall, it was an exclamation not worth repeating.) My legs were, I admit, as natural as they get (I was not at the level of competition that would require me to shave), and the hair had reached that lovely texture where it ceases to be coarse and becomes smooth—almost furry.

But "almost furry" is not a culturally acceptable description of the female body. In this instance that fact could not have been clearer. To quote Ani DiFranco. "Quick, someone call the girl police and file a report!"

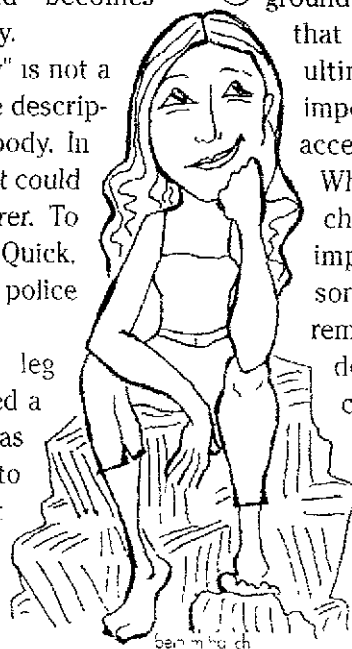
That full-length leg hair is not considered a feminine attribute was not, of course, news to me. But it was not long before I started questioning why

By the end of

unfeminine that its removal has become standard custom? It's so programmed into the way we think of femaleness that the thought of not shaving is liable to provoke insecurity, even squeamishness. Even if we have no problem with the visibility of our own body hair, we remain convinced that others do. (I would be lying if I said I was not caught in a moment of self-conscious weakness when I first got together with my boyfriend.)

To shave or not to shave can be considered, I believe, a feminist issue. But it would be hubris for me to declare myself completely liberated on account of it. Does the fact that I haven't bought a razor in years cancel out my devotion to eyeliner? Am I a hypocrite by rejecting some standards of female beauty while perpetuating others?

These are tricky theoretical grounds. But I think they show that it is impossible and ultimately pointless to impose strict guidelines on acceptable beauty rituals. Whether or not you choose to shave is not as important as your reasons for doing so. Just remember, the girl police do not exist. And "body celebration," in part, tries to recognize this.



Liliana Segura is a Barnard senior and bulletin columnist and office manager

To the editors:

I was deeply disturbed by last week's commentary piece by Meredith Weber, entitled "In the Middle East, Desperate Times Call for Desperate Measures." I think everyone can agree that the current situation in Israel and the occupied territories is painful, divisive, and complex. At this point, as a human being and as a Jew, it is difficult for me to understand how anyone can think themselves in the right after so much bloodshed. I was therefore shocked and ashamed that the *bulletin* would choose to print a commentary so entirely one-sided and so grounded in dubious and casual historical

analysis, and to print no counter-commentary at all. Campus activism has become more visible on both sides of this issue, often producing chilling propaganda of sort that offended Ms. Weber. In this climate, I found the printing of such an article in such a manner is irresponsible and callous.

Sincerely,

Katya Schapiro

<<page 4>> wished to see for the future at the Chemistry department. Professor Doerr responded by saying that she is currently involved in a project to split the General Chemistry 1601 lectures into two classes. Because of the wide variety of students with different interests taking this lecture, Doerr feels that there should be a separation of the course— one class for students interested in fulfilling a general requirement, and the other for students interested in the medical or science-related professional field.

As many chemistry students appreciate, attempting to understand the language of chemistry can, at times, be a daunting task. Professor Doerr (also known by the affectionate name "Dr. Dee") helps students understand the value of the struggle on the way to that understanding.

Lillian Sev is a Barnard first year

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to maintain a cold distance from his subjects, now producing his most intimate work. *Reading*, a portrait of Richter's wife, is crystal clear, near-photographic, and close to the subject bathed in an endearing light. The final series, *Moritz*, shows a highly sensitive and engaging side of Richter's work. Richter's sea and skylines are extraordinarily aesthetic, and stand out from the rest of his work and as individual pieces. One black and white seascape combines Richter's ability for realism with his painterly hand to create an awe-inspiring work. The crisp, detailed sea on the enormous canvas compliments the misty far-off horizon and brings the viewer right into the world that sits under the softened sky. This and other works of Richter's later life have an incredibly hopeful feel about them, in striking contrast to the darker images of the earlier portion of the 188 canvases on display. It is as if the artist has moved on to a more peaceful part of his life, no longer fearing intimacy with the world, or exposure to what lies beyond it. One thing, however, has been constant in Richter's long life and prolific career: he has never, for a moment, allowed his intensity and passion to falter.

Gerhard Richter: Forty Years of Painting will be at the MoMA through May 21  
Lauren Palmisano is a Barnard student and the bulletin art director

<<page 28>> questions, chances are you are probably President Judith Shapiro or a member of the Barnard administration. Frederick Barnard inspired the founding of Barnard College, but he was not entirely responsible for its actual birth. President Shapiro, et al. are responsible for the continued success of our college. I personally would like to see the school renamed for her or one of her deans. I feel that honoring a strong, intelligent, modern woman would be the best possible means of choosing a new name for our school.

But hey, if the Trustees don't shout with joy after reading my oh-so-enlightening opin-

ions, I'll deal with it. Who am I to criticize? I haven't gotten around to founding any colleges of my own lately. With Barnard's workload, a girl can't do everything . . . unless she's Martha Stewart. And by the way, I am NOT advocating a change to "Martha Stewart College of Columbia University." Columbia students would make fun of us until the day they died.

But I can tell you one thing: at least Stewart doesn't sound like Barnard.

Judy Mullen is a Barnard sophomore and a bulletin staff writer

**we know you  
want to write  
for us...**

**resistance is  
futile.**

**WE MARCH BECAUSE**

**IT'S NOT  
JUST A  
WOMEN'S  
ISSUE**

**TAKE BACK THE NIGHT  
THURSDAY APRIL 18<sup>th</sup> 8PM**

Women and Men meet at Barnard Hall (B'way @ 117<sup>th</sup>)  
Speakout begins at 9pm, Lehman Lawn (Barnard)  
All members of the community are welcome.

March is wheel chair accessible.

Free child care during march and speakout